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KATHLEEN O MOORE

A FAVORITE SONG

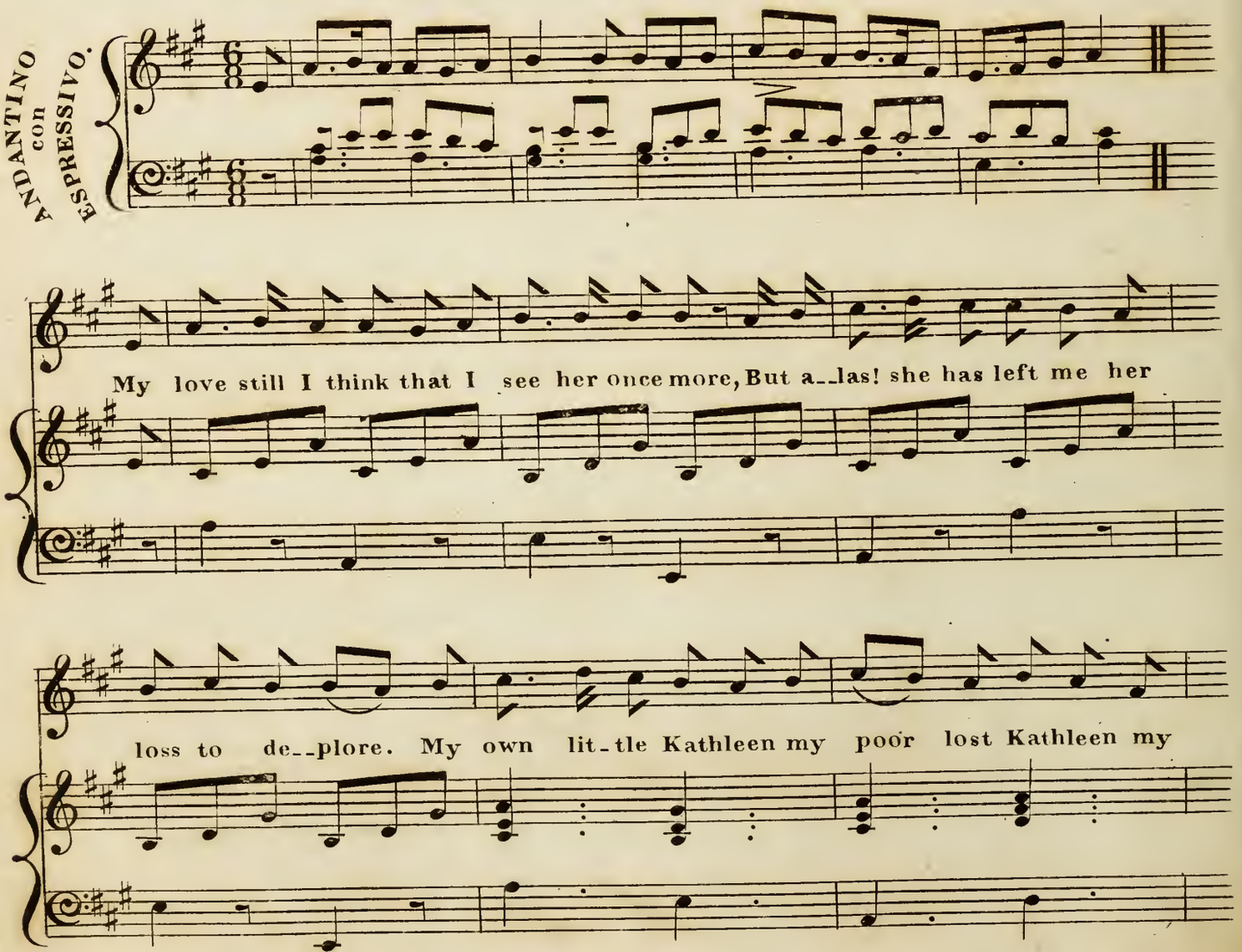
As Sung by

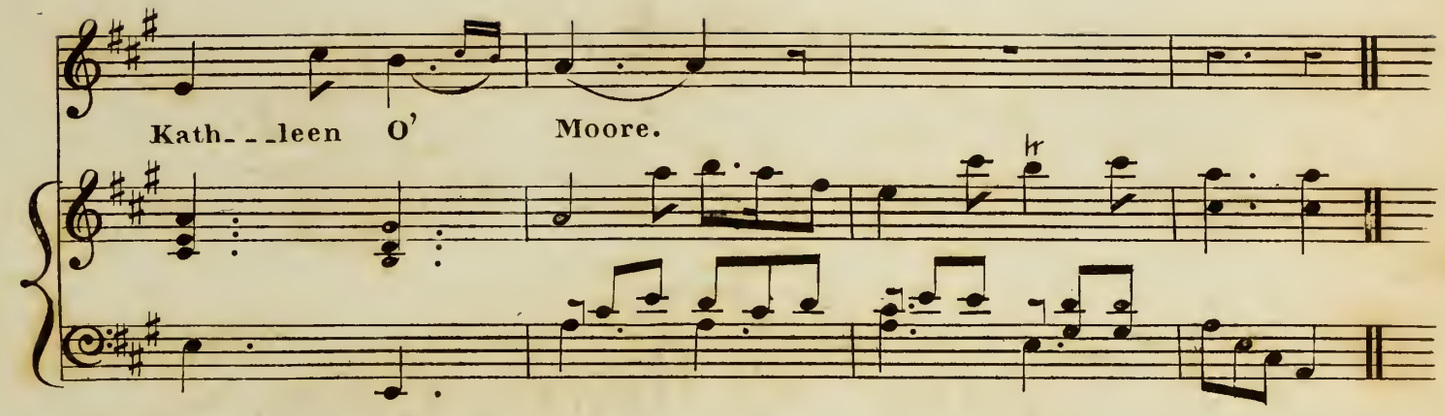
Miss L. Gillingham.

With an Accompaniment for the

PIANO FORTE.

BOSTON, Published by C. BRADLEE 164 Washington St


ANDANTINO con ESPRESSIVO.
My love still I think that I see her once more, But a--las! she has left me her
loss to de--plore. My own lit-tle Kathleen my poor lost Kathleen my



2.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new;
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
my Kathleen O' Moore.

3.

She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir,
Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her;
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
my Kathleen O' Moore.

4.

She sat by the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow and to look at the moon;
So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
my Kathleen O' Moore.

5.

O cold was the night breeze that sigh'd round her bower,
It chill'd my poor Kathleen she droop'd from that hour,
And I lost my poor Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen,
my Kathleen O' Moore.

6.

The bird of all birds that I love the best,
Is the robin that in the church yard builds its nest,
For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly on Kathleen,
my Kathleen O' Moore.

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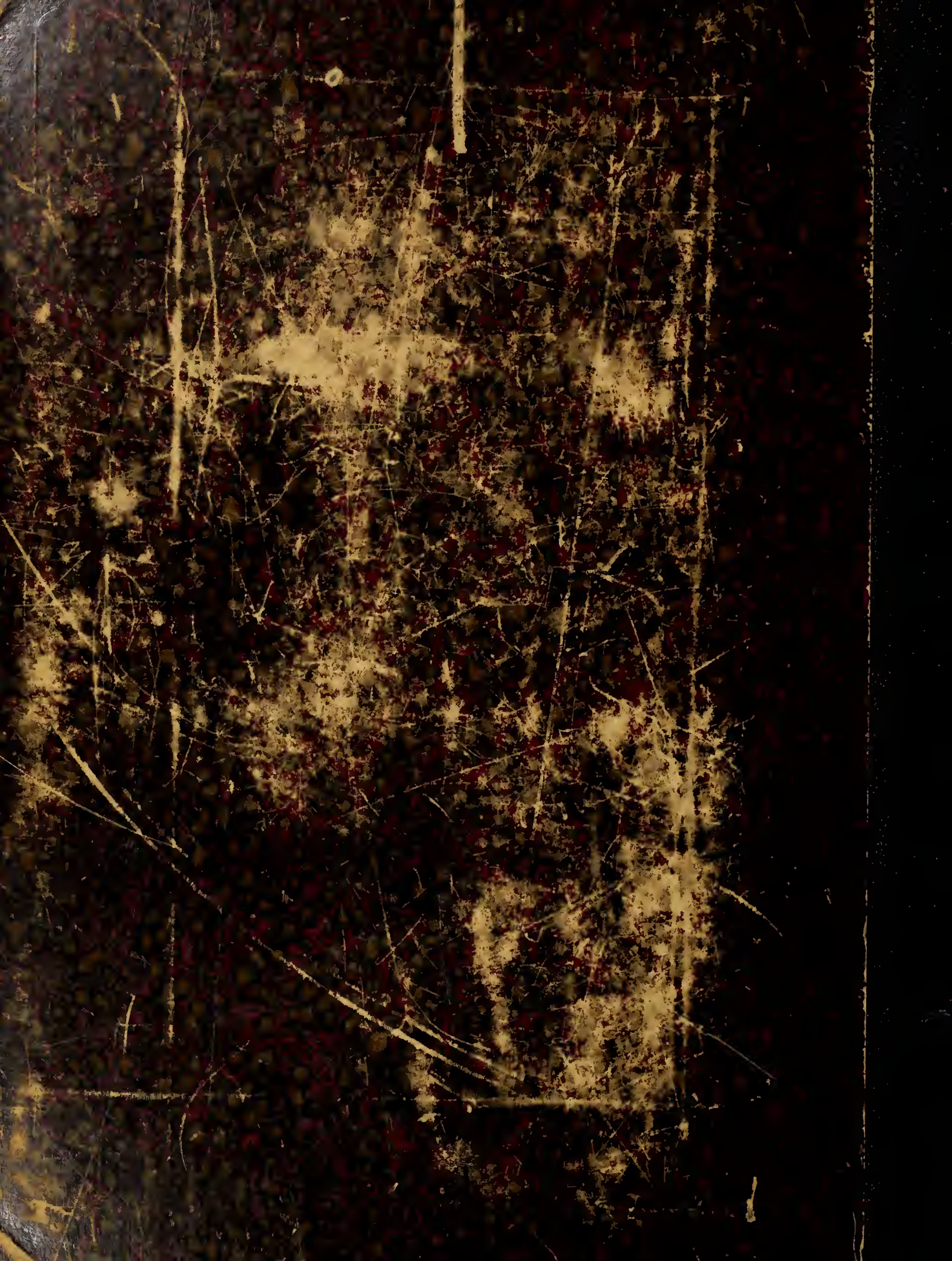
B. P. L. Bindery,
29 1994